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Introduction

Hello, Poppy here! This book is going to be one-shots, or one chapter stories. Things you'll find are:

-contest entries
-any warrior AUs I'm testing out to see if I like them (rather than make a whole new book for it just to delete it)
-one-shots following characters my books that didn't get their story told ＜3 *cough cough RYEHEART*

Well, I hope you enjoy what you do read :)

Currently my to-do one-shots:

-Twoleg object prompt for contest, due Jan. 25 *priority. Get your crap done, Ash.*

-Asterfoot background story?

- traditions AU

Gold *WattyClans Contest 1.1*

[image]

After several days laboring over an iPhone, I present to you, my followers, *Gold*. Thank you for everything. Enjoy.

-

"What *happened*?!"

"W-We didn't *mean* for it to--"

"I don't want to hear a word from you, Pinestripe!" the large chocolate tortoiseshell leader snapped.

"It was an accident..!" Frogleap finally wailed out.

"I don't care what it was! What stupid mistake did you do that resulted in a crippled apprentice?!"

Frogleap looked down at his paws, his ears back.

"It was an accident...." He murmured again.

It was just a crisp leaf-fall day. Pinestripe was at the front of the patrol, though Frogleap had been assigned as the patrol leader. The dark brown tabby never minded sharing responsibilities with Pinestripe; they had been best friends since kit-hood.

"Watch out, Frogleap, I'm coming through!" A pale brown tabby she-cat charged through the golden pine nettles that caked the territory floor.

Frogleap hissed lightly, bouncing out of the way just in time as barreled past his apprentice, Cricketpaw, barreled past him, narrowly missing a collision. *Two moons into apprentice training, and she's still acting like a kit.*

"Hey, Frogleap! Hurry up, we're almost to the thunderpath!" Pinestripe called from the top of the hill that they had been climbing. They were going to hunt on the other side of the thunderpath. Risky, but no cat had hunted in that stretch of land for over a moon and it was bound to be teeming with prey. Owlstrike was at the top of the hill as well, keeping the eager young cat from racing into danger with a big pale gray paw.

"Thanks, Owlstrike..." Frogleap sighed as he quickly made his way up. She nodded slightly, her expression unreadable. *Does she think I'm a bad mentor? Or what if she's just being good humored? Glad to help?! What if she* does *think I'm a bad mentor?* Frogleap shook his head, as if it'd clear his mind from unneeded, racing thoughts.

"Keep up." Owlstrike called as she disappeared into the bushes. Cricketpaw looked up at the brown tabby warrior with her face screwed up at the hot smell that beat down from the thunderpath just past the small row of bushes.

"Stay close, Cricketpaw." Frogleap murmured, sighing. He could hear Pinestripe call out from the other side of the bushes:

"Hey, Frogleap! I think some monsters got into a fight over some prey!" Frogleap narrowed his eyes, confused. He ducked into the prickly foliage, the twigs scraping at his sides. Cricketpaw easily slid through, but he was much broader than the thin apprentice.

"What're talking abou--" he was cut off as he poked through onto the other side of the bushes. The thunderpath stretched across the land, as it always had. The only thing different was a small monster, a shiny red one, was laying dead on the side of the black stone path. Smoke billowed up into the sky from the monster, and it's stench seemed to seep into the earth. Cricketpaw edged closer, her head low as she tried to slink unnoticed, but Owlstrike grabbed her tail before she could get a paw step closer to the hot mess.

"Have you seen anything like it?" Pinestripe murmured. Frogleap flicked his ears, surprised to see the golden brown blotch tabby was now at his side. He had a narrow face and a slim build, his fur short and sleek over his toned body.

"It's a dead monster. That's one less hunter on the thunderpath today; it'll make it easier to cross." Frogleap shrugged, the stench seeming to burn his nose. Owlstrike shook her head.

"We should cross now, while the other monsters are distracted by its death." Owlstrike spoke. She flicked her thick furred tail. Cricketpaw began to squirm.

"Look, Frogleap, look!" She chirped. Owlstrike held a firm hold on the pale brown apprentice, not letting her get close to he wreckage. *Yikes! I was right, Owlstrike thinks I'm a bad mentor and needs to do all the mentoring--* he was cut off from his irrational thoughts as he realized Cricketpaw had been trying to direct his attention to something in the mass of heat and smell. He crept forward slowly as the glint caught his eye. The sun directly glittering against it. It was in a mess of other miscellaneous Twoleg items that were scattered around the monster.

"Frogleap, what are you *doing?!* Get back here!" Pinestripe hissed. Frogleap flicked his tail tip, silencing him. He was just close enough--

Screeching sounds erupted from the thunderpath. A bright red monster was yowling down the path as it neared. The warrior's green eyes went huge. He darted in, grabbing the shiny thing, and darted right back out, racing to catch up with the hunting patrol that was running away. They probably wouldn't get much hunting done that day.

Frogleap sat by the stream, gently running his tongue over the shiny silver surface before having to wash his tongue in the freezing leaf-fall water-- the thing tasted horrible, but it couldn't be properly shined without him having to clean it manually. Cricketpaw was off to the side, playing with her brother, Creekpaw. They were on mid-day break, as Frogleap liked to call it, but it was really so he could catch another glimpse at the shiny thing. It was about the size of his paw pad, and the sun caught it just right to make it glint. He carefully washed his tongue off again, the bitter taste making him gag.

"Hey Frogleap! Can I see it now?" Cricketpaw begged. "It's been

three days, so that means it's safe, and it must be clean by now!" She stepped closer, her gold eyes wide and pleading. He swished his tail.

"Alright, but careful." He nodded. She grinned brightly and plopped down next to him to examine the shiny surface. Creekpaw crept close as well, crawling on his pale furred belly over the lush green grass and took a place next to his sister. Frogleap's whisker's quivered proudly-- he had found this. Well, *Cricketpaw* found it, but he grabbed it. Creekpaw looked up at the warrior, his silver tabby head tilted, confused.

"I don't understand? It's just some dumb twoleg thing... Does it help you hunt better?"

"What-- no-- it's just... It's.. It's a thing." Frogleap tried to reason. *What does he not understand? It's cool! It's shiny! It's a thing!*

"Creekpaw wouldn't understand." Cricketpaw sat up, ruffling her neck fur dramatically. "He isn't a girl. What better way to win a over a pretty she-cat than a shiny thing?" She purred, picking up a pale brown paw and grooming her face. Frogleap's fur grew hot and he swallowed. He wasn't interested in any she-cats. Sure they were all very pretty, but none were actually interested in him. They usually noticed Pinestripe, with his chestnut blotched tabby fur. Frogleap was just thick and.. Plain. But with a shiny thing... *Cricketpaw is right. Now every she-cat will be chasing after my tail!*

"Let's get back to camp," Frogleap rushed out the words, picking up the shiny thing. Cricketpaw waved her tail, standing up.

"Are we not going to continue training today?" Creekpaw asked, scrambling to his paws. His sister had already started the trek back to camp at a quick trot.

Frogleap flicked his ears. One day without training wouldn't put them behind.

"No. Free day." He murmured through his firm hold on the twoleg object.

The camp was hidden neatly in a dip in the ground, pine trees lining the top. Small shrubs wrapped around the edges of the dip as a sort of wall, blending it into the surrounding territory. The elders were outside their bush den, lavender growing along side it, sunning themselves. The two apprentices took off toward the aged cats, their eyes brimming with excitement. Frogleap's green eyes swept the camp, before they fell upon Hollybush, a dainty white she-cat. *She's pretty... And now I'm not just Pinestripe's friend. I'm Frogleap, that tom with the shiny thing. It won't matter how plainly tabby my fur is, I've got the shiny thing!*

He made up his mind. He padded over to the white she-cat, who was trying to groom her back fur.

"Here, let me help!" Frogleap offered as he got closer. She looked up, her green eyes bright with surprise. She hesitated for a moment, before shrugging.

"All right." She purred. He set down the shiny thing near her paws.

"Would you mind looking after that for a moment?" He mewed, trying to sound as charming as Pinestripe did. She flicked her ears.

"I suppose." He began drawing his tongue over her hard-to-reach back fur. "Why do you even carry it around?" She asked after a moment. He paused mid stroke, breathing in deeply. Creekpaw hadn't understood it either-- Hollybush *had* to understand! Like Cricketpaw had said, all she-cats want a pretty thing.

"I think it's cool." She didn't look impressed. "Plus, I don't want to leave it in camp the whole time, or else it's smell might attract a fox or something. I've zig zagged a trail across the territory, so it'll be confused!" He quickly added. Her face lit up.

"That's clever!" She nodded, "so why are you back early? Isn't Cricketpaw your apprentice?" *Why is she changing the subject? The shiny thing is impressive, not my mentoring skill!*

"Oh.. Yeah, she is. She was there, you know, when I found the shiny thing." Frogleap swerved the subject back. Hollybush pulled away, standing up. Frogleap looked up at her, his eyes full of curiosity.

"You know, I always thought you were a pretty cool guy, but right now your being a complete mouse brain." She growled, stalking off. Frogleap narrowed his eyes. *She just doesn't understand what's she's missing.* He stood up, snatching the shiny thing that Hollybush had abandoned, and stalked out of camp.

"Hey, Frogleap!" the tom swiveled his ears, already knowing who had called him.

"Hey, Pinestripe." He purred. The blotched tabby pranced into sight, his eyes falling to the shiny circular object.

"Oh.. You're still carrying that around?" Pinestripe asked, shuffling his paws.

"Yeah! It's really cool, Hollybush said so!" Frogleap lied. She really had only said he was clever, nothing about the silver thing. He couldn't have Pinestripe being so negative about it. The NettleClan tom's amber eyes lit up.

"Really? I just saw Sorrelflower and Mousetail in the Nettle Clearing, we should go there and show Sorrelflower!" He flicked his ears back, embarrassed. He had had a crush on Sorrelflower since they were all young warriors, but the leader's daughter was one of the hardest she-cats to win over, even for a flirty cat like Pinestripe.

"Okay, just show it to her." Frogleap nodded. *It's the least I can do for my best friend. After all he's done for me.*

They padded in silence toward the clearing. Frogleap thought he saw the flash of Hollybush's white fur, but he hadn't gotten a good enough look.

Sorrelflower was pouncing in a great leap at Mousetail, a small, wiry, brown she-cat. A third she-cat, Lakesplash, sat along the side of the clearing, watching. The smaller she-cat pounced aside, but the tortoiseshell had managed to catch her hind leg and pull her to the ground.

"Hey-- look! It's Pinestripe!" Mousetail called desperately before she could be defeated. Sorrelflower scented the air before letting

up. She sat down next to her sprawled-out sparring partner.

"Hey Pinestripe!" She greeted brightly. She was beautiful, Frogleap realized. He had never really considered beauty much, not until the shiny thing. Sorrelflower had chocolate fur with paler tortoiseshell splashes and white paws. She had short, thick fur, and a compact body. "Frogleap." She dipped her head to the larger tom as well. *After today, I won't be much of an afterthought. Thank you, StarClan, for the shiny thing.*

Pinestripe strode forward. Frogleap quickly pattered after him, the thick layers of russet nettles springy under his paw steps.

"Have you seen what Frogleap found?" Pinestripe asked, sitting down, nice and tall. Frogleap sat down quickly as well. Sorrelflower flicked an ear.

"Toadstar told me about it, but I haven't seen it." Pinestripe gave Frogleap a small nod, and the tabby tom gently set it down on the nettle floor. Lakesplash came foreword to look as well, her blue eyes glimmering with interest.

"Wow! That'd look amazing above my nest on the den roof!" Mousetail purred. Sorrelflower nodded in agreement.

"Are you planning on giving it to anyone?" Sorrelflower asked, blinking slowly. *She's talking to me. And only to me. Not to Pinestripe, but to me!*

"Er-- maybe. Just not sure who." He tried to seem casual, but Mousetail let out a *mrow* of laughter.

"There's gotta be a cat you like!" She purred, her long tail waving behind her, excited. Frogleap ducked his head.

"Yeah but," his eyes locked on Sorrelflower. She was the most beautiful she-cat. Who cares if he stepped on Pinestripe's paws in the process? "I'm not sure that she likes me back." The tortoiseshell blinked, wide eyed, and gave a small smile, looking back and forth to see if any of her friends had noticed.

"Oh, Frogleap! I'm sure any she-cat would just love you!" Lakesplash

chimed, giving her gray patched shoulder a quick lick.

"Yeah?" Frogleap finally let his eyes fall away from Sorrelflower, turning to look at Pinestripe. The chestnut tom shrugged.

"Sure, whatever." He twitched his tail. "So, Sorrelflower, you busy tonight? I was thinking we should hunt together! We can go catch some lizards, they're out at night a lot." Pinestripe twitched an ear, trying to look as charming as he sounded. Sorrelflower nodded.

"I'll meet you at the Slopes." She dipped her head. Frogleap looked at his white paws. There was no way he could win her over against Pinestripe. He'd need more than just a shiny thing. *I'll be there as well-- if she sees me hunt that'll impress her, no doubt.*

He flicked his tail. "I'll catch you later, Pinestripe. I promised Cricketpaw we'd do a little bit of hunting before sundown." He dipped his head. "Sorrelflower." He said dipped his head to her individually, and Lakesplash purred a little. While it had been a goodbye, he knew it was also a hello. This was only the beginning of their relationship.

The stars glowed and lit up the camp, the moon hidden behind wisps of clouds. Frogleap twitched his ears, preparing to leave. His blinked, his muscles tensing as he noticed a shape moving. *It's just Sorrelflower.* He realized as her soft smell drifted across his nose.

He only waited a moment to watch her tail disappear from sight before he set off, carrying the shiny thing. Quietly, he pad around the fresh-kill pile, which was heavily picked through, and up the steep slopes that walled the camp. He scraped through the bushes, his broad frame making it that much harder to get through.

Her scent trail was easy to follow, even for a poor tracker like himself, and as he wove around tall pines and scarce bushes, he found himself wondering how Pinestripe would react. He also liked Sorrelflower very much. *Pinestripe can have any she-cats he wants though. I only want one.*

He stopped suddenly, his hackles rising. A scent drifted over his

nose, but as soon as he recognized it, he turned swiftly around.

"Cricketpaw! What are you doing here?!" He hissed lowly. The pale brown tabby she cat looked up, eyes wide. She had been stalking low to the ground, he pine nettles doing a fantastic job of softening her paw steps. *Too bad she didn't check the air.*

"Don't forget about me!" The silver tabby form of Creekpaw appeared from behind a pine tree a tail length away from his sister.

"Creekpaw, keep it down! This is a stealth mission!" Cricketpaw growled, but with a hint of a purr lacing her voice. Frogleap flicked his tabby tail, annoyed.

"No, it's not. Go back to camp!" He hissed. Cricketpaw narrowed her eyes and took a paw step forward defiantly.

"No! I want to go with you, because you're being a bad mentor! Ever since you found that stupid shiny thing, you've been neglecting me!" Cricketpaw snapped. Frogleap swallowed, glancing over his shoulder to see if anybody has been watching.

"Yeah! That's what the Elders were gossiping about!" Creekpaw added, his gold eyes narrowed. Frogleap looked down at his paws.

"I'm just trying to impress Sorrelflower. You'll understand when you're older...," Frogleap murmured. Cricketpaw's angry expression lightened.

"You could have just said so! We'll be really quiet, we've got your back!" Creekpaw nodded fiercely in agreement to his sister's words. Frogleap stood up straighter, twitching an ear.

"Alright. To practice your stalking skills then, you'll both have to be *verryyy* quiet. Don't forget to check the wind, and stay out of sight. Got it?" The apprentices nodded again, excited about a game. Frogleap picked up the shiny thing and carried on, taking a moment to find Sorrelflower's fresh scent trail.

It wasn't long before they reached the Slopes. A rocky outcrop lay at the bottom of the slopes, and the smell of lizard was thick. Pinestripe hadn't arrived yet. Sorrelflower sat alone, the starlight

glimmering off the surface of her chocolate tortoiseshell fur. Hastily, without looking back, Frogleap padded out into the clearing.

"Hello..!" He greeted shyly. Sorrelflower looked up, surprised.

"Oh! Hey, Frogleap," she paused for a moment, "...is Pinestripe not coming? Or should we get started without him?" Frogleap nodded.

"Yeah!" He set the shiny thing down, relieved he wouldn't have to lie much more after Sorrelflower chose him. "I don't think he'll be too long," he added quickly, to try make her feel more comfortable. She nodded, and he realized she was already comfortable around him.

"Come on then! I bet I can catch more than you!" Sorrelflower purred quickly. She slowly crept down the edge of the slope, avoiding the crumbling edges of the slope, her eyes on a long tail flicking out between a crack in a rock. Frogleap followed suit, seeing the webbed toes of a lizard in a rock crevice. He pounced, desperately scrabbling at the lizard and yanking it out. He sunk his claws into it, nipping it's neck. He looked up to see Sorrelflower, neatly pushing her catch under a rock ledge. She was much better suited for lizard hunting, with smaller, nimble paws. Frogleap tried not to trip over his own large white paws as he crossed over the rocks stealthily to put his own catch next to hers. He paused, his belly turning as her fur brushed against his.

"You know, I never hear much from you, it's mostly just Pinestripe." She remarked, twitching her ears. He opened his mouth to reply, when he heard a hiss above at the top of the slope. He looked up to see the narrow frame of Pinestripe outlined in starlight. He quickly made his way up the slope sheepishly, Sorrelflower staying by the rocks.

"Hey, Pinestripe!" She purred quietly, trying not to disturb the prey. Pinestripe didn't take much note of her, his amber eyes narrowed and filled with... Was that hate? It scared Frogleap. Quickly, the dark tabby tom dodged past his friend, sweeping down to pick up his shiny thing. He'd have to leave right then. Maybe Pinestripe would forget if he left?

"Frogleap! What do you think you're doing?!" He hissed, not even trying to keep his voice down. Frogleap ducked his head.

"I'm sorry, Pinestripe, I just... they say to follow your heart, so I just.. I couldn't help myself. I really like Sorrelflower." He swallowed. Pinestripe hissed, his fur fluffing up.

"Hey, what's going on?" The tortoiseshell appeared, her eyes round with confusion. Pinestripe shifted so that he was in front of her, his fur bristling and back arched. Frogleap backed up, his eyes wide. *I didn't want this-- Pinestripe's my friend!*

"You know I like Sorrelflower-- what's *wrong* with you?!" Pinestripe inched forward. Frogleap backed up slowly, holding the shiny thing as firmly as he could in his grasp. He noticed the edge of the slope getting closer.

"I-I'm sorry-- just.. I'm leaving!" Frogleap ducked his head and tried to dart past Pinestripe, but he felt a rush of pain fill his mouth as the blotched tabby struck the side of muzzle, the shiny thing knocking out of his grasp and flinging over the edge into the rocky outcrop. Blood welled up and filled his mouth. "What did you just do?!" Frogleap gasped, rushing to the edge. His green eyes darted around desperately, trying to find the glint of the silver surface.

He felt claws connect with his flank and he whipped around, his fur fluffing up. He was twice the size of the slim warrior, which didn't seem to frighten Pinestripe.

"Stop it! Both of you! I'm not to be fought over-- I'm not a moss ball!" Sorrelflower hissed.

"What's your problem, Frogleap? Huh?!" Pinestripe growled, completely ignoring the she-cat.

"Sorrelflower should get to choose anyway, it's not like you're the only one she can hunt with!" Frogleap scrabbled for words, his argument not holding up as well as he thought it had in his head.

"So what?! *You knew I liked her!* You're a fox-hearted thief!" He swiped at Frogleap again, who attempted to dodge backward, but

found himself at the edge of the slope, and slipped. His hind legs dangling, he held on as hard as he could with his forelegs onto the top of the slope. Dirt fell away at the edge.

He scrabbled at the side of the rocky slope, with white hind paws, trying to pull himself up. Pinestripe was just too close-- he couldn't get back up all the way. He looked down, hard flat rocks awaiting for him at the bottom. He shot his eyes tightly, but a gush of air swept at his face.

He blinked open his eyes to see Cricketpaw crouching over Pinestripe. She was half the warrior's side, but her golden eyes reflected a sort of determination she had always held. Frogleap struggled up the slope, Sorrelflower grabbing the scruff of his neck and helping haul him up. He looked over. Pinestripe was glaring Frogleap down, but didn't seem quite as hostile anymore. Creekpaw had joined his sister's side. Grooming down her fur that had been tussled in the tackle. She pushed him away gently, and the apprentice tom went to comfort Pinestripe. Cricketpaw limped toward her mentor, her eyes bright.

"Are you hurt?!" He gasped. She shook her head.

"No-- I just caught my paw on sharp stone." She flicked her tail, sitting down. *Too close to the edge.* Frogleap opened his mouth to tell her to move, and then he noticed the earth crumbling under her weight. He gasped her name and raced forward to grab her, but a silver flash beat him to it, pushing Cricketpaw onto the firmer earth as it crumbled down.

There was a sickening thud, and Frogleap looked over the edge of the slope, his eyes full of dread. Amidst the dust clouds, a single shape of a small cat. Creekpaw. He swallowed, quickly skidding down the slope. Sorrelflower pulled Cricketpaw close to her body, not letting her down. The tabby apprentice squirmed free, and raced down after Frogleap. The tom's hind leg was twisted in an odd position, blood spilling out around it where a sharp rock had sliced his leg. Frogleap swallowed. Cricketpaw was crying her brother's name, and Pinestripe's shadow at the top of the slope cast over the cats gathered around.

Frogleap's eyes swept over the scene. Those golden eyes of the fallen apprentice, still glimmering with life and with pain. Crimson blood spilled over the rocks and seeped in their cracks. A glitter caught his eye. Half-covered in blood, it lay with an evil glare of starlight. The shiny thing.

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Thank you for reading, and sorry WattyClans admins that this is overdue by three days.

The Silence We Share *WattyClans Contest 1.2*

[image]

Round two of WattyClans contest! I'm up against the wonderful Sparrowheart838 though so this might be my last round in this contest lol! Without further ado, here is my best effort for my prompt saving a kit.

--

"Talk about *mouse-brained!*" Swanwing laughed, waving her tail. A white tom glanced up, letting out a loud *mrow,* blue eyes bright. Swanwing glanced over her soft-furred shoulder. "Oh sorry, Snownose! I mean..." She looked over to a pale fluffy brown tom, who was also on the patrol. "How do you say sorry, Reedwhisker? I forgot...." Reedwhisker scoffed, his eyes narrowed with an annoyed expression. He swished his tail slowly up and down, with purpose. Snownose blinked, reading the sign.

'I'm sorry,'

Reedwhisker must be apologizing for Swanwing... She's never been the most considerate about signing out her words. She's always accidentally saying things with her tail. Snownose flicked an ear.

'It's okay,'

They were on a four cat border patrol. They hadn't even gotten to the border yet, and the two were already at the beginning of a quarrel. *Swanwing and Reedwhisker never really get along,* Snownose thought. They were just at the top of a ridge overlooking the River Valley, tall grass up to their chests.

Swanwing's face lit up, she had a single dark patch of fur in between white ears.

"Oh, Reedwhisker, that mean's apology accepted, right?" Her tail was high and ears pricked. Snownose watched intently, seeing the sign for 'stay alert.'

Swanwing glanced over her shoulder again to the white tom. "I'm so sorry, Snownose!" She quickly waved her tail up and down. "I just keep forgetting that he's deaf..." She whispered to Reedwhisker. The fluffy, creamy brown tom scoffed, padding ahead of the patrol. Mothlight, the last member of the border patrol, padded closer to Swanwing to listen in on her story. Clouds drifted lazily across the dull blue new-leaf sky, rays of sun just poking through to warm their pelts.

Snownose dropped to the back of the patrol, watching his clanmates. That's all he could do. Watch. *They have some kind of language I've never been able to understand. Their mouths move, and the others somehow know what they're saying. I suppose they've chosen to not let me in.* He glanced over the top of the ridge that they were patrolling, the crest of the river was in the valley. A few of his fellow WetClan clanmates were at the waters edge, and he watched as one flashed their paw in to hook out a fish.

"Hey, Snownose!"

"Swanwing, I swear to my ancestors, he can't hear you." A flash of a bushy pale brown tail caught Snownose's attention. Reedwhisker beckoned with his head, his eyes soft with patience.

'Come on.'

Snownose bounded after the patrol, sniffing the air. Minnowclaw, the deputy, liked to put Snownose on border patrol due to his heightened sight and smell. He let out a loud surprised *Mrow! a*s a scent drifted across his nose. Swanwing sighed.

"Does he have to be so loud..?" she whined quietly.

"I'm tired of telling you, Swanwing, if you say one more thing--" Reedwhisker's fur was bristling, but Snownose was waving his tail wildly for attention. Mothflight let out a shocked gasp from where he stood, a few fox-lengths away, overlooking the valley.

"Dogs!" the amber-eyed tom screeched. Reedwhisker turned immediately to look.

"Swanwing go to camp," she opened to mouth to protest, and he narrowed his eyes, "now!" She curled her lip, darting away. Snownose quickly padded over, yellow-green grass licking his sides.

"Mothlight, we've got to get those warriors out of the valley.. We might have enough time." Reedwhisker commanded. The ginger-brown tabby flicked an ear.

"Look, Reedwhisker! They're distracted-- there are some rogues, look!" Reedwhisker squinted with aging green eyes before nodding slightly. Snownose looked down into the valley as well, making out the forms of black cat swiping fiercely at a black-and-white dog not far from the forest edge, a second brown-and-white dog racing across the grassy hillside to join in. "Snownose!" Reedwhisker waved his tail, and the deaf tom turned to watch him beckon his head, tail flicking.

'Come on, hurry!'

Reedwhisker bolted off down the hill to where Mothlight was already alerting the hunting cats. Snownose began to start off after them, but he couldn't keep his eyes off the dogs coming at the dark furred loner. The river thinned out to a creek near where the fight was taking place. His heart thrummed in his chest. *Why aren't they running? Why are they staying to fight?!* He edged down the hillside in the direction of the scent. His eyes caught movement in the bushes. *Kits!* He picked up his speed into a full run, his big webbed paws hitting the grassy hillside, his pelt a white blur. He could smell blood mixed with the wet dog scent, making the whole area reek. The black cat had thick cuts across their pelt, but they still fought with all of StarClan's power.

StarClan give me strength, too, please. Snownose prayed silently. The brown-and-white dog had almost reached the fight, still a tree-length or so away. The WetClan tom went right past the fray, the dog wagging it's tail excitedly as it noticed there were two cats now. Snownose didn't stop to acknowledge the fight, but rather swooped into the bush, snatching up a small gray tabby kit. It squirmed in

his grasp.

"Hey, hey! Momma!" It screamed out. The black she-cat glanced over weakly, which was a fatal flaw. Snownose winced, hoping the kit wasn't watching as the dog dove in, clamping it's slobbery jaws on the cat's torso, shaking her like a moss-ball, and flinging her a good few fox-lengths away.

Snownose tried to run even faster, as he could already feel the hot breath of dog on his tail and feel the heavy drum of paws through the earth.

He could feel the kitten shutter in racked sobs as he pelted away, letting out a surprised *MROW!* as a heavy paw sloppily hit his hind-quarters, ripping at his pale fur. The kit went flying out his jaws, rolling into a thick clump of tall grass. Snownose jumped to his paws, his fur on end. The dog fought nothing like a cat, he noticed. It didn't arch it's back or delay a hit or use its paws. Rather, it snapped and barked constantly, always trying to bite. Before Snownose could land a hit though, a heavy cat rammed into the black-and white dog. *Reedwhisker!* He was followed by Mothlight and another warrior who had been fishing, Snownose recognized the bright ginger tabby pelt of Cardinalflight. The ginger tabby beckoned with his tail, eyes wide and tail tip twitching.

'Come on, hurry, run!'

Snownose didn't need to be told again, he turned, almost tripping over his paws as he leaned down mid-sprint to pick up the trembling tabby kit from the grass. He looked over his shoulder briefly to see Cardinalflight lash out at the brown-and-white dog that had just arrived.

”

Snownose winced as Foxleaf applied a sharp smelling poultice to his hind-quarters where the dog had caught him. Medicine-den herb scent washing over the white tom. The gray tabby kit was in the nest next to him, it looked a lot bigger than when he had first seen him, now that he really looked at it. It had a white chest and face, and yellow eyes that were now dull with grief. Foxleaf smiled

down to the kit, who glanced over at Snownose.

"Why don't you go and talk to Snownose, little one?" She murmured. He kit glanced over to the white tom.

"I don't want to talk." He pulled his ears back, his nose down and eyes half-closed. Snownose pricked his ears, reading the sign hat wasn't intended.

'I'm sad.'

The tom stood up, plopping down gracelessly in the kit's over-abundant nest. He pressed his cheek to the kit's cheek, his yellow eyes rounding with surprise at the contact.

"That means 'you'll be okay.' Foxleaf informed, her eyes soft. The kit twitched it's nose, confused, before setting his head down in his paws. "You should get to know Snownose, Shell." The ginger tabby medicine cat turned, padding out of the den. Snownose glanced around. The small stone den was only housing Cardinalflight and Mothlight, both with injuries deep enough to prevent them from sleeping with the rest of the warriors.

"You don't talk much?" Shell murmured desperately. *He speaks their language too. How? ..I want to know it. Then I won't be left out like I am.*

"He can't hear." Mothlight called from the other side of the den, darkness wrapping around his finger-brown tabby fur.

"Oh..." Shell ducked his head awkwardly.

'My bad.'

He must have accidentally signed that, like Swanwing does all the time.

"I wish I had an excuse to never talk." Shell murmured quietly, curling up tightly against Snownose's slim frame. "I'd be silent forever." Snownose blinked, watching how his mouth moved.

"Eyed be scient forever." Snownose slurred out the words

loudly, watching for a sign of approval. *Did I do it? Did I speak their language?!* Shell's face and eyes went bright with surprise, softening with an unreadable expression.

"It's okay." The smaller cat stretched up, rubbing his white cheek against Snownose's white cheek. "There's so much noise in the world.. A little silence is okay. You're okay."

AN

This was REALLY interesting to write. Anyway, even if this doesn't win, it's a nice addition to my one-shot collection ^^

Never Fall Again
WattyWarriors Contest

[image]

For WattyWarriors 's contest about a cat with a disability.

-

"I'm not sure that we should be here... You know there're horses here?" A small black-and-white she-cat glanced around, stars reflecting off her yellow eyes.

"Of course, why else would we come here? Horsepaw should get to see what she's named after!" A mostly black tom replied, thin-furred tail waving. "Isn't that right, Horsepaw?" A golden-brown tabby she-cat glanced up aloofly, her eyes slightly distant.

"Right, Ivypaw." She agreed. The black tom gave a satisfactory purr.

"See? The horses should be just up here-- I can smell them..."

"It doesn't matter anyway, you can barely see anything it's so dark! Why'd we have to go at night..!" The black and white she-cat whined. Ivypaw rolled his eyes, lightly shoving the shorter she-cat.

"Obviously because we can't go during the day, Duckpaw. We have training and Mossclaw hates it when Horsepaw does anything without his permission--" Ivypaw was cut off by a shrill screech. Ivypaw and Duckpaw whipped around, pelts on end.

"Horsepaw!" Duckpaw cried out, a sickening feeling dropping on the she-cat as her eyes fell upon a bloody sight.

The thin-furred brown tabby she-cat was still letting out loud broken yowls, her eyes wide with pain.

"HORSE!!" Ivypaw screeched in a loud hiss. The shadows wrapped around the animal, but the moonlight lightly traced an

outline around their broad shoulders and huge flanks.

"I...I think it stepped on her!" Duckpaw wailed. Horsepaw hadn't moved, blood pooling on the ground around her front left paw. She looked up, golden amber eyes full of fear at the massive beast: wide nostrils flaring as it reared up in surprise for a second time, huge hard paws ready to strike another cat.

"Move!" Ivypaw dove in, grabbing the other apprentice by the scruff and toppling them both into a mass of cool, tall grass. Horsepaw sucked in a mass of air as she felt a surge of pain shoot up from her paw. "Come on, Horsepaw!" Ivypaw was already scrambling to his paws, ready to run, and Duckpaw was streaking away in a black-and-white blur. The dark horse was also dashing off in the opposite direction. "Come on!"

Horsepaw shifted slightly, not willing to look at her leg that was stretched out of her feather-lined nest. She glanced over to where Beetleleaf was, humming the names of herbs quietly while pulling some out herbs the apprentice didn't recognize. *I hope Furzestar doesn't make me become a medicine cat.*. The tabby shut her eyes tight, not wanting to look down at her paw.

"Let all cats gather below the High Mound for a BurrowClan meeting!" The call of the leader sounded, and Horsepaw whined softly, knowing what was coming. Beetleleaf was already calling to her brightly.

"Come on, Horsepaw! It won't be so bad, I promise!" She purred. *She's only being nice to me because she wants me as an apprentice... I don't think Furzestar has even told Beetleleaf what's happening with me.* Horsepaw huffed and got to her paws. She kept her forepaw off the ground, causing her eyes to fall to the deep, perfectly curved scar marring her paw, making her toes splay out and her claws stay retracted.

Keeping her weight off the permanently useless paw, she stumbled out of the den. Sunlight beat down on her, hot but not quite as uncomfortable as what her clanmates were making her feel. Every

BurrowClan cat was gathered by the High Mound, and every cat had a softened expression that were locked on her. She kept moving, past Ivypaw, who was keeping his eyes trained ahead on Furzestar, and Duckpaw, who also couldn't bear to meet her eye. She noticed the black-and-white pelt of Mossclaw, her mentor, who was eyeing her with dark eyes. He looked away. *Everyone is acting so weird around me now-- they all are forcing on these fake faces.*

"Horsepaw." Furzepaw purred from atop the grassy mound. The sunlight made his golden-brown tabby fur seem even more bright. She looked up at the small hill, somehow feeling intimidated of its height. *I used to play here, but now I can't even climb up it.*

Furzestar seemed to notice, and he slid down the side of the High Mound, the tall grass ruffling under the leader's small paws. He rested his striped tail on her flank, but Horsepaw wanted nothing more than to shrink away.

"As you all know, two moons ago, Horsepaw was severely injured by a horse. I've spoken to StarClan, and they have helped guide my decision for her future," he paused before continuing, "Horsepaw, you will continue to train as a warrior." The leader purred. As soon as Horsepaw's face lit up, her clanmates seemed to visibly relax. "However.." Furzestar swallowed, as if he was uncomfortable, and Horsepaw shifted. "Mossclaw won't be your mentor anymore."

The tabby apprentice glanced over to the black-and-white patched tom who was looking to his paws tensely. She grew hot, and the cause wasn't due to the beating sun.

"Instead, you'll be trained by Fennelcreek..!" His voice cracked just slightly. "I hope Fennelcreek will pass down all she knows to you." *What? What's wrong with Mossclaw; he was supposed to show me everything, not her....* Horsepaw looked to Fennelcreek, who was standing up from the middle of her clanmates. She was broad with light ginger tabby fur. "Fennelcreek, you're ready to take on your second apprentice." Horsepaw swiveled her ears curiously as most cats bowed their heads respectfully. "You received excellent training from Rooktail and have shown yourself to be observant and determined. You will be the new mentor of Horsepaw, and I expect you to pass on all you know to her." The cats broke out in purrs as

Fennelcreek padded to Horsepaw, touching noses. Horsepaw, shocked, didn't move a muscle as the warrior reached to press her pink nose to the apprentice's.

The cats broke up as Furzestar announced the meeting was over, and Horsepaw limped over to Mossclaw, almost falling, her golden eyes wide.

"W-Why am I not your apprentice anymore..?" She swallowed, ears back. Mossclaw's seemed to be forcing his field of vision to her face, his yellow eyes hard. She remembered when they were bright, but serious, as he would eagerly show her the ways of a warrior.

"I...." He whispered, his eyes drifting down to her paw. Horsepaw's eyes dropped as well, the ugly splayed out toes and claws making her want to run. *I'm not sure if I can even run anymore.* "I can't do it." Her pelt pricked, and she felt the burning sensation to tears threatening to spark, but she pushed it away.

"Why not? You've trained three apprentices before me--" Horsepaw's neck fur was on end, and a surge of anger coursed through her.

"It's not that-- I can't do.. You.. Anymore." His black-and-white fur was also fluffing up, from discomfort, making the older tom seem even bigger.

Horsepaw's pelt flattened, and she looked down at her paws, defeated as the realization came to her. *He's trained three of the greatest warriors in the clan. I won't be a forth*.

"I understand." She choked out. The tabby turned, lightly walking past her staring clanmates. No cat spoke to her. She padded out of the camp that was enclosed in bushes, breathing in. She hadn't left camp since that night-- the open, grassy fields seeming much less inviting now. She moved along, though, cursing under her breathe every time she stumbled. Grass licked her pelt, up to the middle of her legs, and the sun burned against her short-furred pelt.

"Horsepaw?" She turned as she heard a voice. Fennelcreek.

Rather than facing her mentor, Horsepaw moved faster, but her eyes widened as she moved *too* fast, tripping over her broken paw and tumbling down the grassy slope.

She blinked her eyes open blearily, breathing heavily. She let out a broken cry, shutting her eyes tightly. It was only half a moment before she felt the presence of Fennelcreek-- a cat she never even talked to! "Are you alright?" The she-cat asked quickly, and Horsepaw could only flick her tail.

"I can't even walk!" She cried, pressed her face into her front paws, the feeling of her splayed paw still foreign. She felt the added heat of the pale ginger she-cat against her flank, and the apprentice buried her head deeper into her paws.

"I'll help you. You'll get past this." Her mentor murmured comfortingly, but Horsepaw shook her off.

"That's what every cat says who visits me. Beetleleaf, Furzestar, ...Ivypaw, Duckpaw. They'll be apprentices next moon, and you know what I'll be doing?" The golden-brown she-cat looked over to the warrior, her vision blurred with tears. "I'll be learning to *walk*. That's something a *kit* learns when they're a *moon* old. I'm *eleven* moons old. I'm supposed to be learning Jump and Pins, Upright Locks! I can't even hunt anymore, let alone defend my clan!" Fennelcreek's oddly blue eyes were set with determination.

"We won't be doing Jump and Pins and Upright Locks for a while, I admit. But we will be working to get there. It will be hard, and you'll want to give up.. But Horsepaw.. You can't." Her ears were alert, her eyes trained on Horsepaw. *Not like the other though... Not in a forced way. Not like she's avoiding to look at the rest of me.*

"Mossclaw won't even train me, though." Horsepaw mumbled, and Fennelcreek's fur stood on end.

"I don't want to hear about him. Get up." She growled.

"...What..?"

"Get up!"

The golden-brown tabby got to her paws, her amber eyes wide with shock.

"You survived! So now you have to work harder; harder than any other apprentice. We start now. Try to walk on your splayed paw." Horsepaw shook her head, blinking away the dried tears that no longer threatened to pour out.

"I can't..!"

"And you won't if you don't try."

"I'll fall. *Again.*" Horsepaw trembled as she struggled to her paws, a warm breeze lightly playing with her fur.

Fennelcreek shook her head.

"I won't let you."

Horsepaw took in a deep breathe and nodded, sniffing lightly and her gold eyes setting with a spark of confidence and determination.

"Alright."

AN

Also @wattys I did email this to you as well. Hopefully gmail didn't screw up my indents tho c:

Warriors: A New Era (story idea)

[image]

It's time.

The new era has come.

They've been around for too many moons for any to remember, walking on two legs, balancing with a tail, and hearing with soft ears protruding from their heads. They've only known one life: fight. Protect. Survive. Thrive.

Hazelbush is a young warrior with nothing to loose, no family and no apprentice. He's a fearless fighter, though not very strong, and he's willing to give his life to protect his clan and their territory. Until SHE becomes interested in him. Now, all he cares about is living to see her another day...

Even if it means his clan crumbles to the ground.

//

Warnings for blood/gore as well as LGBTQ+ relationships.

This is literally just neko warrior cats. (So humans with cat ears and cat tails.)

Prologue

A warm ray of sun glistened over the ripples of water at the feet of a dark skinned woman. Her ginger speckled tortoiseshell ears flicked back as the light reflected into her dark eyes, making her cringe and the fur on her slick-furred tail stand on end.

She pulled her carefully crafted jacket tighter around her torso, though, feeling a cold breeze blow against her from the water. The

tortoisehelle tailed she-cat's eyes fluttered back open to glance at the new patch on her jacket's shoulder-- the leader's patch. It had her clan's crest on it: a cat eared square with what could appear either be water ripples or the top of a ravine, she had never really known for sure.

"Sorrelstri--*aaar.* Sorrel*star.*" The freckled leader glanced over her shoulder, her hand pulling her shoulder-length curtain of hair back just enough to see the face of the approaching cat. She had already recognized the tom by his lyrical voice, but laying eyes on the hooded tom confirmed what she already knew.

"How'd it go, Bonewhisker?" She purred, turning all the way around, her palms digging into the moist dirt. Bonewhisker shook his head slowly, pulling his hood down and revealing a completely hairless head. He had large ears, the sun shining through and showing tiny red blood vessels. It was what one could call *ugly* but Sorrelstar had grown used to the medicine cat's appearance.

"Not well," he murmured, sitting down slowly next to her, smoothing down his simple black habit as he tucked his legs under himself, hairless tail flicking behind him, "not well at all...."

"What happened?" Sorrelstar asked, wondering if it was a reply too quick or too slow.

Bonewhisker gave a small shake of his head solemnly, breathing in. "Rookheart didn't make it." Sorrelstar's eyes widened, her eyebrows raising with a pinch.

"What..?" Her voice came out hoarse, but she didn't dwell on the thought. "That's... That's not supposed to happen...!" Sorrelstar's fingers dug into the dirt, her eyes searching the medicine cat's face.

"Her body couldn't take the stress... the kit was born, though. A boy." The dark skinned leader blinked. They were both quiet for a few moments, the sounds of the river filling the silence.

"...Has Owlflight heard yet?"

"Yeah. Luckily he'll have his clanmates to help raise his son... But

with Rookheart...gone.., he won't be the same anymore," Bonewhisker paused a moment to close his eyes.

"She's in StarClan now...," Sorrelstar said quietly, her voice filled with confidence. *The only confidence I've had so far in this short leadership.* Her fingers lightly traced the leader's mark, a star, on her jacket's clan patch absently. "Still, though, defending ourselves from TallClan and NettleClan is going to be that much harder without her; she was such a valued warrior," the dark haired leader paused, "has Owlflight named him yet?" Bonewhisker gave an ear flick for yes.

"Hazelkit." Sorrelstar gave a small nod, standing up. The afternoon's sunlight crowned her dark hair and made the tortoiseshell dashes on her tail glow like embers.

"I hope he's ready to walk in his mother's footsteps." She muttered, turning. Bonewhisker took his place at her side.

"You and I both." He mumbled, the high sun leaving short shadows in front of their calloused, bare feet.

AN

AIGHT please tell me if that sounded okay? I want to make it into a fanfic but I don't want to do it if you guys don't think you'd read it.

Five Times Waspclaw was Alone (and One Time he Wasn't) {Spark}

[image]

I really wanted to do a five-times one shot so here it is!! My characters, my AU. Might contain **spoilers for Spark**. You've been warned. Also HAPPY ONE YEAR ANNIVERSARY OF SPARK GUYS!! SEPTEMBER 12!!

--

1.

Wasppaw sniffed quietly, drawing his tail tighter toward his body. Sunset light outlined his frame through thin trees and overgrowth. What was he going to do? His eyes drifted down into the valley below him, arching ferns encircling his League's camp. He other apprentices were eating the evening meal, their eyes bright as they spoke with their mentors. The gingery tom tried to become smaller as he hunkered down. His mentor was gone. The great Spruceclaw, the kind and charming Bramble Den tom, was gone. Just... *Gone.* He had disappeared two days before. The first day, no cat was sure he was gone, but now everyone knew.

Spruceclaw had abandoned Wasppaw. And now, the young apprentice sat alone with his head in his paws and without a mentor. Aloneness was not a nice feeling.

2.

Wasppaw dug his claws into the moist earth, his eyes shooting daggers into the group of gathering young cats. Mintstar was perched on the small rock outside the bramble den, seven kits bouncing around impatiently at the base of it. Their parents and

many other members of the clan were gathered around to watch the six moon old kits become apprentices into their own league.

"I, Mintstar, declare that this new group of apprentices and each of their mentors are now the Thunder League! I wish for each of you young cats to live long, whatever path you wish take." The young leader touched his nose to each apprentice's head, from a mousy brown she-kit all the way down to two siblings, one a dark ginger tabby and the other a messy-furred golden tabby.

"Hey, Wasppaw!" The gingery-brown tabby tom was snapped out of his thoughts. The other apprentices in his League were circled up, all ready with sleek fur and bright eyes. "Come on, we're next! I'm so ready to be a warrior finally! I wonder if I'll get into the cedar den.. I'll probably be in the bush den, though, until they realize what a great warrior I am! What about you, Wasppaw?" He padded over to his Leaguemates, giving a final glance to the apprentice ceremony. *They're the reason Spruceclaw left me. And I bet they don't even care.*

"Wasppaw?"

"What..? ..yeah. Sure."

3.

Waspclaw paced in a circle at the top of a ridge overlooking the river border. His pelt was on end, and even though leaf bare winds were biting at him, he still felt hot. *That's it. The rogues just attacked one of our youngest leagues and nearly killed a few.*

"If Pipitpaw dies I'll go and kill them all myself." He growled aloud, his claws digging into the cold ground. He clenched his jaws, stopping his angered pacing. "Whether she'd want that, though, is beyond me." He sighed, plopping onto the patchy-grassed ground. *Anger probably won't get DrizzleClan anywhere in this fight. That's why the rogues are attacking us in the first place-- anger. That has got to be the reason. Nobody tries to murder an entire clan as big as ours for kicks. If I'm getting mad and wanting to kill... Doesn't that just make me as bad as them?*

4.

It was happening again. Snow flecked his ginger tabby pelt, and his paw pads froze, but as he watched Spruceclaw leave, he didn't feel cold. The first time that dark tabby walked out of his life, he was hurt and pained. Now.. He felt a rush of adrenaline. Happiness. He turned, briefly catching Sparkfur's eye as he went to go look for survivors of the final battle.

5.

Waspclaw breathed in the musty forest air, the scents of long-gone squirrel and sappy trees filling his senses. The forest was behind him, and he sat on a rock that overlooked the river border. The rising sun lit up above the distant tree tops, shimmering across the river and the lush grasses. This was his territory, his home. His Clan.

I hope my clanmates think our territory is something special. It supports us and keeps us alive. Sometimes it's all one big power struggle though-- and every cat forgets about the whole point of being in a clan. His cracked jaws picked up the arriving scent of Sparkfur. *I know they can all see what I see if they just try. But... We all take it for granted.* He could hear the golden she-cat as she climbed up the slope that lead to his perch.

6.

Waspclaw closed his eyes, warmth flooding his body from tailtip to eartips. Sparkfur lay curled against him, her head against his neck and body curved to fit pressed to him. He breathed in her scent deeply, a mix of wind and fresh, grassy earth. He could faintly hear the wind battering the stone den and cold winds trying to seep into the moss-draped entrance, and he pushed his nose to the top of the ginger tabby's head, never wanting to leave the warm moss nest again.

fine {spark}

[image]

This occurs sometime in that three moon gap at the very end of Spark, between the last chapter and the one before it. so if you haven't read spark this probably isn't for you. It just won't make sense, sorry bro. This is going to be WaspXSpark just for the record so. If you didn't ship them then.....um..... Sorry again.

HAPPY ONE YEAR ANNIVERSARY OF SPARK!! SEPTEMBER 12!!

//

Waspclaw blinked open his eyes, a wisp of a dream chasing away into the wind that battered at the stone den. He narrowed his copper eyes, confused at first at what had woken him, until he heard small whines and quick breaths. He looked over, his gaze falling on the shadowed golden tabby pelt of Sparkfur. Her paws poked out of her nest, nearly touching his side, as she slept on her side. Another whimper prompted him to gently stand, nosing her cheek until she woke up.

Her green eyes were wild with a mix of shock and fear, and it took her half a moment to realize that it was Waspclaw that stood with moonlight catching his fur.

"Sparkfur..?" He whispered. She looked down at the ground, shifting and pulling her long legs into her nest without a reply. "Sparkfur...." He laid down there, pressing his head into her neck fur. "What happened?"

She was quiet for a moment before shutting her eyes tight and pressing her muzzle to the side of his head.

"... It doesn't matter. I'm fine." She murmured, pulling her tabby tail close to herself.

"It *does* matter. You were.. You were *scared*. I don't want you to

be have to be scared," Waspclaw whispered, his eyes full. Sparkfur's ears flicked back.

"It was just.. Just memories. Horrible ones. Stuff from when I was over in the rogue camp... Cats dying, killing happening on a daily basis," her eyes were half closed, focusing on the Waspclaw's empty moss nest. She shut her eyes, her thin body shuttering. "I was so alone...!"

"We stopped it though. It's over. I'm here." Waspclaw licked her fur comfortingly. It was like that for a while-- crickets and wind sounding from outside, and the big, light brown-ginger tabby gently grooming the green-eyed she-cat with soothing strokes.

"Thank you," she whispered into the silence. Waspclaw paused mid-lick, his eyes sweeping over her face as she closed her eyes, falling asleep. For a while he kept on grooming her, with slow careful strokes before finally he tucked himself close to the golden tabby, his eyes closing, and a dream sweeping over him once more.

Waterfall (story idea)

[image]

Okay warning this does have a major aspect to the plot and world that is completely unrealistic. But that's the fun part so yeah. Here's the idea I've been working on for a little bit in breaks because it's in my head so. Yeah. Tell me what you think. It's pretty short since it's just a preview.

WATERFALL

I wish I could say that I fought tooth and claw for my family and friends to stay alive. I wish I could say I used every last ounce of strength and power to keep most of my clanmates from being massacred. A pale gray she-cat sat in a cool, murky, stone den. Her face and legs were charcoal black, the same color shading much of her pelt. Her eyes were golden-yellow, and focused straight ahead on the entrance of the small cave she was settled in. A black long-haired tom sat putting away herbs, occasionally glancing up. He was young, only a few moons older than herself, his eyes nervous and unsure. *I wish I could say something like that. Maybe then Cherrytongue wouldn't stare at me like I'm some kind of freak.*

"Hey, Smokepaw... can I... can I ask you something?" Cherrytongue spoke up. The she-cat pricked her ears. *That's the first time he's attempted to start conversation with me.*

"...Yeah, go ahead."

He took a breath and looked to his paws before looking back up.

"What do you think you'll do when you're good to leave? Will you want to leave? Or would you want to stay in the Clans?"

"...Oh...," Smokepaw's ears swiveled back, and she curled her tail close to her body. *Of course. I don't think there's a single thing anyone can say these days that could possibly not bring* it *up in some way.* "I'm

not sure yet... I'll probably stick around in ShadowClan a little bit." He nodded quickly.

"Yeah, yeah, of course. That's the smart thing to do. Maybe finish your training or-- or something...." Smokepaw nodded awkwardly.

"Or something."

"It's just... I know Applestar is going to start asking you and the others pretty soon what you're going to do. --She's a great leader though, I'm-I'm sure she'll, ah, let you guys join our ranks.. if--if that's what you want, of course. To do. If that's what you want to do." Cherrytongue narrowed his eyes with dissatisfaction with himself, and awkwardly licked his chest.

"No, no, I get it. Um. I think if I can find a cat who's willing to train me I'll finish out my training. Maybe Pearlfrost will mentor me." Cherrytongue shook his head.

"Pearlfrost left yesterday morning. He said he 'couldn't bear sticking around ShadowClan knowing what lays at home.' His exact words." Smokepaw stood up. *I don't blame him. Knowing that back home, back hidden in the reeds, back where it smells like river and it's so uncomfortably comfortably humid. Knowing that back there, the river is red and many of my clanmates are laying in their own blood as crow-food because none of us can go back to give them a proper burial without digging our own graves.*

"Hey, you okay Smokepaw?" She glanced up at the tom, taking a few shaky steps.

"I don't know," she whispered, padding past him. Her eyes dropped to the ground as she strode out of the medicine den nestled in ShadowClan's camp. It was neatly surrounded mostly by a tumble of rocks, the far side with the medicine den a wall of stone a few tail-lengths high. The side opposite of the rock tumble was open and protected solely by scorched undergrowth.

She looked out at the Clan, defeat in her gaze. *This is it. My Clan, my* family *is dead. I'm one of the last RiverClan cats alive. All because we have this stupid power.* She watched the ShadowClan cats

practice simple paw swipe moves, embers spraying up with their restrained attacks, not wanting to use their clan's specialty fire attacks. *All because most RiverClan cats can manipulate water. I don't even know if I want to look at water ever again.*